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ADRIFT ON

THE BLACK WILD TIDE



◦ A DREAM ◦

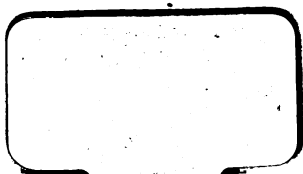
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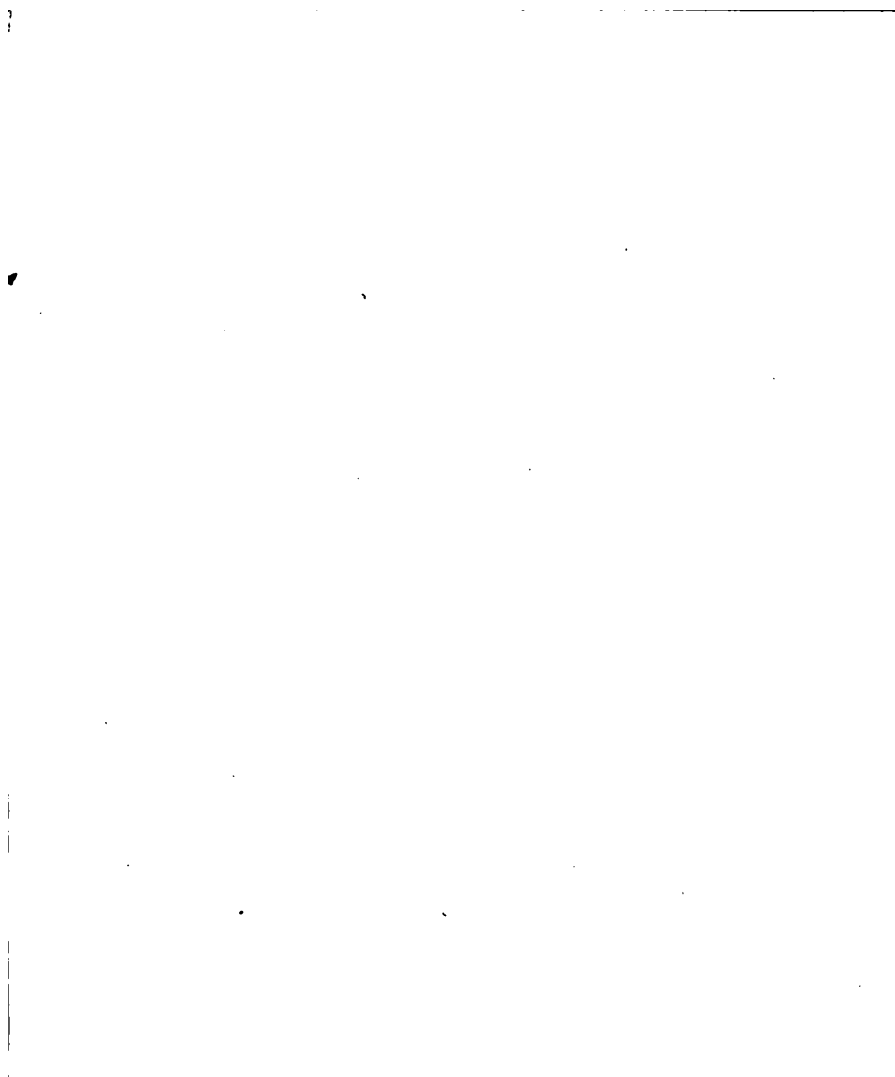
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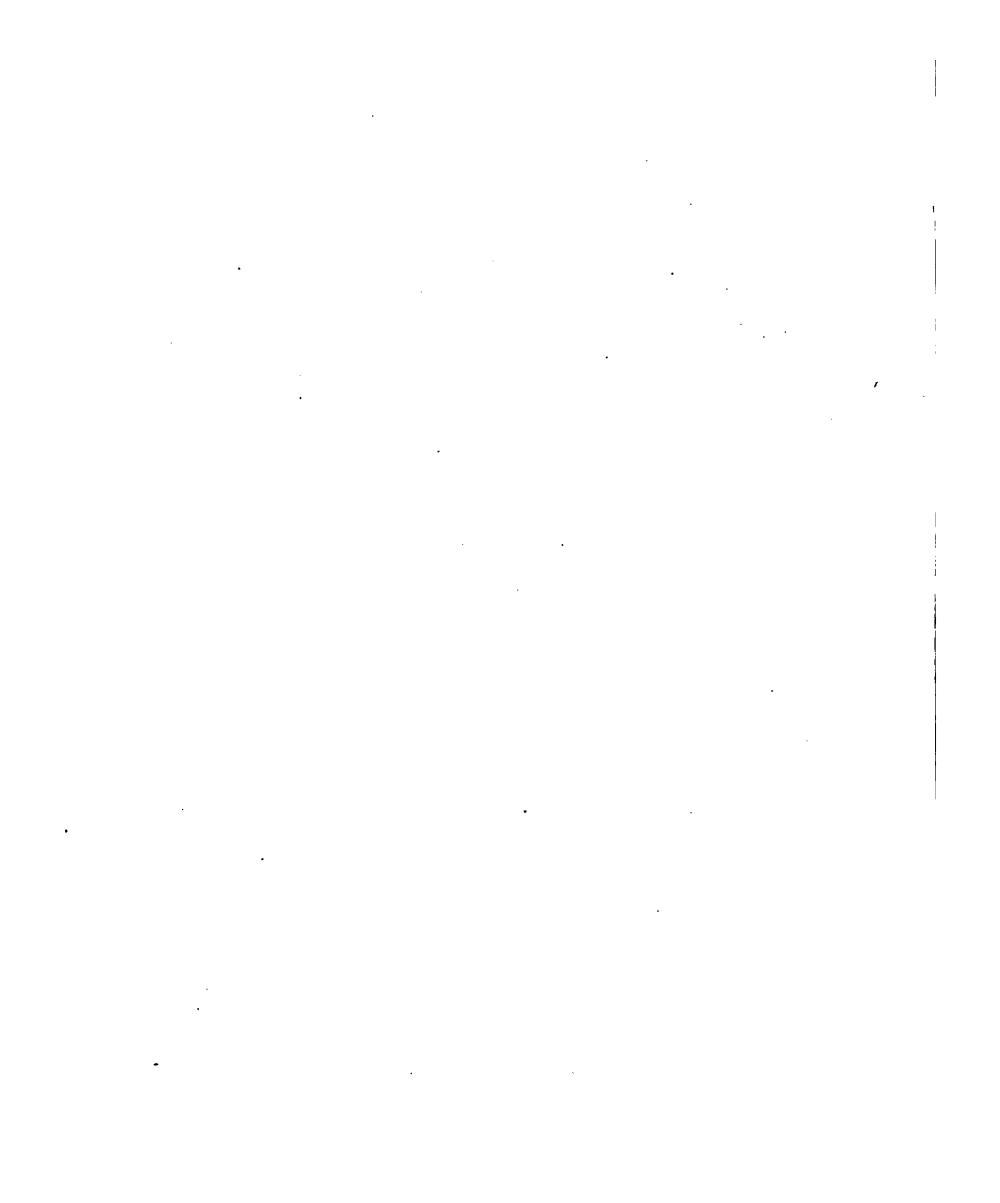


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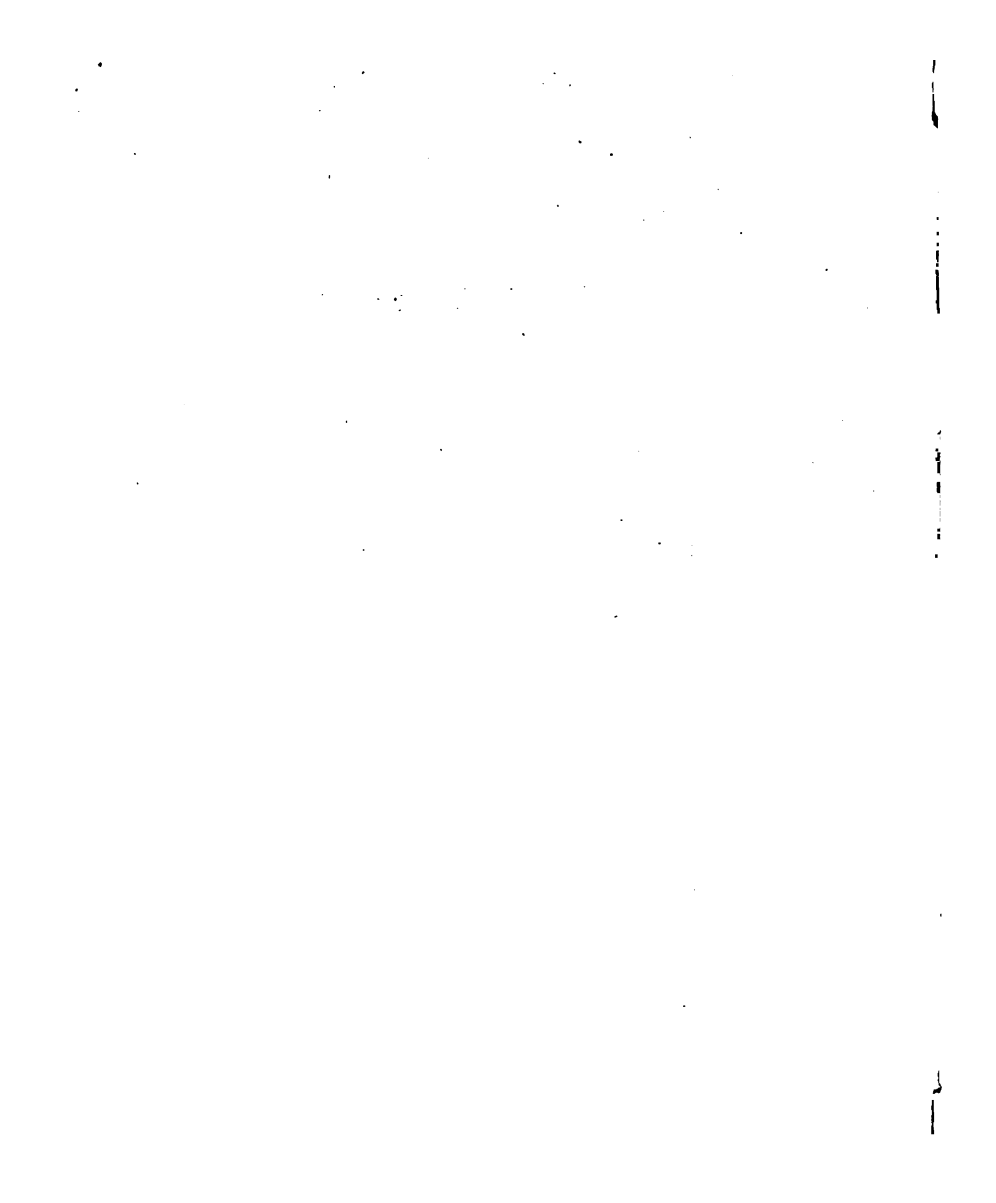
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ADRIFT ON
THE BLACK WILD TIDE.



ADrift
ON THE
BLACK WILD TIDE.

A Dream.

BY
JAMES J. KANE,
CHAPLAIN U.S. NAVY.

GLASGOW :
DAVID BRYCE AND SON.
1878.



PREFACE.

My object in offering the following pages to the public has been simply to gratify an oft-expressed wish of many of my friends, who desired to have in print the substance of my dream.

I offer no explanation of the phenomena ; no deduction is drawn from it, nor any theory set forth, of what will be the first revelation to the disembodied spirit, firmly believing that without some authentic revelation from on high, it is not possible for the bodily-imprisoned soul to grasp at even a faint conception of the mode of exist-

ence that awaits us when we shall be finally freed from all the limitations of this earthly life. I merely state facts as they occurred, omitting nothing, adding nothing.

I might quote a number of scriptural texts to show that in the following pages there is nothing outside of a Christian belief, but I prefer to leave the biblical reader to recognize them for himself. I send this little work forth on its mission, hoping it may do good.

GLASGOW, 18th October, 1878.

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INTRODUCTION.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

THE autumn of 1863, which was the third year of the great American Civil War, found me attached as executive officer to a gunboat, of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron, under Rear Admiral D. G. Farragut. The fatal yellow fever was raging in the fleet, and in Pensacola Bay, where we were stationed, it was especially virulent.

In addition to my naval duties, I was acting as pastor for a Union Church outside of the Navy Yard, and performed the duties of a voluntary chaplain, and was consequently brought daily into contact with the fever, in the hospital and private houses. A large

number died, and I fully expected, from day to day, that my turn would come, and consequently I often pondered over the future life, and this may have had something to do with the following singular dream and the subsequent vision—its fulfilment.

THE DREAM.

"Of the earth, earthy."

ON the 18th of October, the fever began to abate, owing to the appearance of frost, and by the 28th had almost stopped. It was on this night that I had the following dream:—

I thought I took the fever, and went to the house of a friend who had given me a standing invitation to immediately repair to his home on the first symptom of the disease. I was put to bed in a large room, and the furniture and fittings were all plainly visible in my dream.

I thought I was attended by one of the officers of the gunboat, and warm, earnest friends seemed around to nurse and care for me, but in spite of all means used for my

recovery, on the fourth day I was told I must die. I immediately made my preparations, gave final instructions in reference to my burial, expressing a wish to have my body sent to Greenwood cemetery in New York State; disposed of my effects and what money I had, prepared for the death struggle; and it came, and I thought I was *dead*! It seemed in my dream that I stood beside my body which lay upon the bed, and my spirit had the same form and expression of countenance as I had in life, so that I should immediately recognize and be recognized. My first sensation was a freedom from the prison of the body, and the discovery of the fact that locomotion was effected by the mere exercise of the will. I started for the door, and the material wall offering no impediment to the spirit matter, I found myself going through the wall of the house, and out into clear bright light, and was immediately surrounded by kindred spirits,

a number of whom I recognized as having been dead some years, others only a few weeks. On every hand I heard words of welcome, and questions were poured on me thick and fast: "How long had I been dead, and how did I like the spirit land?" My reply was, that having just died, I had had no opportunity of judging of the advantages of the spiritual life over the earthly. I noticed a marked absence of my mother, and some of my immediate relatives who were dead, who I thought should have been at hand to greet me, and give me information on this my first appearance in the spirit world. On my thus expressing myself to the spirit of an old friend, he replied that I had died suddenly, and consequently my relatives had not expected me, but that I would meet them in a few hours, and that earthly relationships were not so binding as they were in the body—all were brothers in the kingdom of the great Creator.

I asked what was the requirement and duty of the spirits in this transition state ; he replied that love of God was the controlling thought, and unlimited enjoyment of the bounty of the great Jehovah the only requisite. I told him that there was something wanting, which I was unable to describe ; he answered that nothing was wanting, and that my disappointment resulted from a narrow conception of the life in the spirit land, taken from a human standpoint, and if the experience of my new mode of existence was not in accord with my previous training in theology, I would soon learn that the love of God was not bounded by sect, nationality, or colour.

My friend invited me to visit London, which could be reached in ten minutes by the mere exercise of volition. I expressed my surprise that a distance of 3,000 miles could be travelled in so short a time, when he informed me that spirits were not subject to the local attractions

or magnetisms of earth, and consequently could go over the globe with the speed of lightning. I declined his invitation, as I was desirous of staying to see my funeral, and asked my friend to wait and see my body buried, but he declined rather abruptly, I thought, and replied that it was not customary to attend the funeral of other spirits, and, in fact, very few attended their own. But I was not going to desert my tabernacle of clay in that fashion, and bidding him good-bye, with the hope that we would soon meet, I made up my mind to keep in the neighbourhood until after my funeral, and ere I was aware of it, I was gliding over the waters of Pensacola Bay, and found myself on board of the old frigate Potomac, to which I had previously been attached for seventeen months.

The news of my death had reached the vessel, and the officers and men were discussing the event; I mingled among them, tried to talk

to them, sat down by some of the officers, and spoke apparently as loud as when in life, but I found that spiritual voices did not reach earthly ears. I was learning the elements of my new life, and felt lonesome and sick. I was disappointed in my expectations, and wished to go back to earthly life. I left the ship, and returned to the house where I died, in the hope, perhaps, that I might get back once more into my body, and continue the functions of material life. I was young, and had reached a little over a third of the Psalmist's allowance of three-score and ten. Notwithstanding all my friend had said, there was something wanting in my new mode of life. I was disappointed, for my earthly aspirations had been for a closer communion with God, and an intimate relation with angelic beings. While here I was in a state of existence where faith was not made perfect by a sight either of God or angels. I therefore resolved to return to my body, and live in the

Christian's hope, which had cheered me in many an hour of toil, sickness, and trial.

On my arrival at the house, I found my funeral taking place; my coffin was in the act of being carried out, with my cap and sword on the top; all heads were uncovered, and due respect paid to my mortal remains. On looking at my body through the coffin (for my spiritual eyes could penetrate even granite), in the vain hope of getting back, I realized to my astonishment, that in the brief period that I had been in the spirit land, I had so developed in size, that my spirit could not be compressed again within the limits of my body. I felt like a chicken one day out of its shell, grown too large ever to return. As a last hope I began to believe it was only a dream, and I would awake and find myself once more an inhabitant of earth.

Seeing an individual in a coffin and on his way to his grave, is generally considered satisfactory proof of death, even to the most

sceptical, and how much more so, when one sees his own body securely cased, and about to be buried. My last hope was gone, and I surely was dead, and it was not a dream! I concluded to make the best of it, and was much cheered and gratified when the band struck up the "Dead March in Saul." The marine guard marched with muskets reversed, and a number of my friends followed all that was mortal of myself.

There were a large number of spirits looking on, and several asked what I had done to deserve such a grand funeral, while most of them had been buried unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. I asked them to follow in the procession, but they all refused, and one stated that he had been put in his grave at midnight with no more ceremony than a dog, and why should he attend this display of honour and friendship?

I replied that I was in the hope that all jealousy was left with the body, but I now found it

as strongly developed in the spirit-world as ever it had been on earth. I turned away in indignation, resolved to attend my own remains, and see them duly put away in their temporary resting-place.

The funeral cortege went into the Navy Yard, and out along the shore of the bay, to a place where I saw a grave dug close to the water, which reminded me of a verse I had often quoted when in life :—

“ When my wandering life is o'er
I fain would lie by the wild sea-shore ;
Oh ! let my funeral anthem be
The dirge-like moan of the sounding sea.”

This was all very well in poetry, but I did not like the realization of it, and I ordered the procession to halt. No one apparently heard me. My coffin was taken from the hearse, and placed over the grave. I immediately took hold of it, but could not move it ; and, as it was lowered

down to its resting-place, I took hold of the ropes and tried to stop the descent, but the weight of the material substance was too heavy for my spiritual strength, and my coffin was in its grave at last. The chaplain of the Potomac frigate, a very warm friend of mine, read the burial service, and said many soft words of eulogy enough to have satisfied the most egotistical of spirits, but it had no effect, and did not satisfy my wounded pride at being buried alone on the sea-shore. The marine guard fired three volleys over my grave, and it was filled in, and all took their departure, except my friend, who stayed behind, and I saw he wept. We had been strong friends on board the gun-boat, and he had been at my bedside when I died, and it was to him I had given my final directions in reference to my burial and disposal of my effects. After a strong effort it seemed in my dream that I made myself known to him, and I indignantly asked why he had not

carried out my expressed wish to be buried in the cemetery. His reply was, that as the frost had set in, my desire to have my body sent north to Greenwood cemetery would be complied with in a month, and it would be much more convenient to take up my body buried by the shore than if it were interred in the regular grave-yard over two miles away. I thanked him for this forethought on his part, and accepted an invitation to visit the gunboat again.

We went down to the landing in the Navy Yard, where the boat was in waiting. The crew saluted my friend, but paid no mark of respect to me. On our arrival on board the vessel; my friend, who had now succeeded me as executive officer, was received with the ceremony due to his position; but none were so thoughtful as to pay me the slightest deference. So much, I thought, for being dead. My brother officers received me kindly, and, after expressing

their astonishment at my being permitted to exhibit myself in my spiritual state, asked how I liked my new mode of life. I answered that I would not return to the body under any consideration. I felt safe in making this assertion, for having tried it, and found it impossible, I was determined I would not let them know my disappointment, and only to my friend did I unburden myself. I told them that I came on board to bid them farewell, as I was about to take a tour round the world to hunt up my relations and friends. I went to my state-room, and found my things all packed up and labelled for my father's house in Brooklyn, N.Y. I went on deck, and found some of the officers firing at some wild ducks, and, noticing what bad shots they were, I took hold of a rifle and said I would give them a lesson in shooting.

Never will I forget the look of astonishment exhibited on their faces as I took the rifle in my hands. They all exclaimed, "A ghost shoot

ducks ! we never heard of such a thing !” and they drew back in terror. I raised the rifle and fired at the ducks. There was a loud explosion and I awoke to consciousness, and found myself tucked away in my berth, in my own state-room ; and, after all, it was but a dream ! My heart was beating rapidly, and no language can express my gratitude at finding myself still numbered among human beings, and I doubt if I ever offered a more earnest prayer to the Throne of Grace than I did that night. I was happy beyond expression, not that I dreaded death or parting with the body, but I shrank from a spiritual life where there was no visible token between the soul and its Creator, nor personal companionship with the angels.

THE FULFILMENT AND ITS VISION.

"An omen of disaster coming faster and faster."

IT was on the 10th of November, just two weeks after the above dream, that the quarantine was abolished. No fresh case had appeared for ten days, and those who escaped were rejoicing as soldiers who answer the roll-call after a battle. No one was more joyous than myself. I was in apparent good health, better in fact than I had been for some time, for the northern winds, laden with frosty air, gave tone to the system and sent the blood tingling to many a sallow face debilitated by the climate. It was in the afternoon of the above day when I went ashore to try if my gun could bring some game to our scanty table,

for we had been almost isolated for months from the world, being shunned as a plague-stricken community, and compelled to subsist on ship's rations.

As soon as I left the ship I noticed a large white bird hovering over my boat, and on reaching the shore the creature made several circles, and I thought was about to alight on my head. This action annoyed me, and raising my gun, simply to frighten it away, I fired in the air over my head, and it fell dead at my feet without a quiver. It was of a strange species, which I had never seen before, and white as snow. I would have given all I possessed to have restored life to it, and on picking it up a chill ran through my whole system, my very heart seemed to freeze, and a foreboding of coming danger hung like a pall of midnight over me. I took the bird on board the vessel, when all expressed sorrow I had killed it, and some stated that it was a

certain omen of disaster. I threw it overboard, and watched it float away with the tide. Then going to my room I lay down and slept for an hour, and woke up with a heavy chill, which was followed in half an hour by a violent fever. It suddenly flashed across my mind that I had the yellow fever. The safety of all on board required that I should leave the vessel without delay. I sent for the officer next in rank to myself, stated my condition, and ordered a boat to be called away, and got ready. Having made a few hurried preparations, in one hour after the attack, almost delirious, I came on deck, only to find it deserted, officers and men fleeing from contact with myself, even my commanding officer shut himself in his room, so great was the terror inspired. I left the ship expecting never to return. Swiftly the boat sped over the waters of the bay, and landed me close to the house of a friend, where I knew I would be welcome. I

had no less than six standing offers from friends to repair to their homes in case I took the fever. I was received with open arms, and taken to their guest-chamber and put to bed. A number of my friends came to nurse me, and as they had all in previous years had the fever, they thoroughly understood it. A private physician was called in, as five out of six naval surgeons were down with the malady. How can I express the terrible agony of the first night, all concentrated in my brain and heart, pain the most excruciating, only relieved at intervals by delirium. The morning came, and with it offers of aid from the Fleet—Captain and the Commodore of the station both being personal friends. But skill and careful nursing did not avail. I was apparently doomed, hundreds had died, why should I escape? The evening of the fourth day found me sinking fast. It was a calm still Sabbath, and for the first time for months the church where I preached was closed, and fully forty

of the congregation had assembled in the house, and sang at my request the beautiful hymn "Rock of Ages." I had made my final preparations, having expressed a wish to my brother officer, who was constantly at my bedside, to have my body sent to Greenwood Cemetery in New York State. I gave directions as to the disposal of my personal effects and money. In all of this, there was no collusion between my actions and instructions and my dream, for I had entirely forgotten it at the time, and throughout my sickness I was much troubled by the thought where I had seen the furniture of the room. I knew I had never been in it before, and yet it was familiar even to the pictures on the wall, and it was after my recovery that I remembered that I had seen the room in my dream; in fact, had been in it, but by what process I am not able to explain.

THE LAST HOUR.

The last hour of my life seemed to have come, and I was on the verge of the eternal world. I was perfectly conscious, never more so, and I found that as the body grew weaker, the mental powers grew stronger. I recognized the peculiar distinction between the soul and the body, and I made the startling discovery of the fact that I was possessed of wonderful faculties belonging to the soul, which were gradually developing as the separation from the body was taking place. I am unable from the want of analogy to describe them : they were to perform for the soul the same functions as my mental faculties had done for the body, such as the Judgment and the Will. They were numerous and their power was wonderful, and they seemed unlimited in their sphere of action. I was filled with excitement, not only at the development taking place, but in expectation of what was

coming. I felt like a weary traveller, climbing up some steep mountain, who, nearing the top, is cheered by the prospect of rest, and the panorama which he expects to be spread before him. I fully expected to meet many loved friends and relations, and above all—the one controlling and central thought—I should behold the Master's face. Thus cheered I felt it was easy to die. The gates were opening and I was about to enter

“Where the child should find its mother,
Where the mother finds the child,
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild.”

Without losing consciousness I felt the final struggle, the short breath, and all seemed over. In an instant the spirit was freed and I stood beside my body. As in the dream I found my spirit having the same form as in life, with the same peculiar expression of countenance,

so that others would know me, as I would know them. My body lay still and calm, and my friends closed my eyes and said, "All is over, he is gone."

How can I explain this phenomenon? It was nothing strange that I should die—hundreds had died around me. I find myself unable to offer any explanation, and in order to avoid argument and criticism, I will call all that follows a vision; moreover, I will call the death scene a vision—a dream it was not, for to all appearance I was dying and dead of one of the worst cases of yellow fever that had taken place. If I was dead why did I return? Why should I be more favoured than other mortals? Well, have it so, and call it the wandering of the brain in the hour of dissolution.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

I had hardly a moment to ponder over the great change that had taken place, when I

found at my side an angel towering in height, majestic in form, with an expression of countenance which I know not how to describe. I can only say that love, unbounded love predominated. He was robed in black raiment, and with a voice as sweet as a child's, he called me by my spiritual name, and said, "Follow me." I answered, "You are the angel of death." "I am," he replied; "and I am sent to lead you to the river of death; come with me." He took my hand in his, and through the wall of the house we went, out into the dark night, and down to a river bank, where lay a boat with a compass and a light, which shone on a chart, on which, from corner to corner, was written in words of fire "Holy Scriptures." A course was marked out on it with rocks and shoals; small rivers, and inlets and bays were well defined upon it. The angel said to me, "You must get into this boat, and go down the stream, and if you follow faithfully

the course marked out, you will arrive safely at Paradise ; but if you deviate from the course, or arrest the progress of your boat, you will be wrecked and will float upon the stream, until the enemy of all souls, seeking whom he may devour, and ever on the alert, will seize you as lawful prize, and bear you away to his place of punishment. On the chart you behold various rocks and shoals, treacherous quicksands, inlets and bays which may appear as havens of refuge, but avoid them all, watch the compass well, scan eagerly the chart, and keep a bright lookout ahead, and in due season you will meet loved ones who will lead you into the presence of the Master.

“One final command I would endeavour to impress upon you, ‘do not let go the helm until an angel takes it from you,’ and with heaven ahead of you, surely you can with all the dangers around you bravely cope. Remember that the magnetic influence of the various

sins which pollute and destroy humanity is stronger in this passage of the soul to its destination than during life. You will behold on your journey a vast number of wrecked boats. You will find them thickly strewn on the rock of infidelity, stranded on the shoal of blasphemy, and half sunk on the quicksands of drunkenness. Nothing sinks below the surface of this river, and these wrecks are warnings to each voyager.

“You are now fully aware, in looking back upon your past life, that your free agency has not been interfered with, either by the angels of heaven or the spirits of darkness. You have been inspired with pure thoughts and aspirations on the one hand, or tempted to evil on the other; but in all this your freedom has been guaranteed, and now more than at any other period will this free agency be exercised. Therefore, thus warned and fully instructed beforehand, what excuse can you offer if you allow the magnetism which will come from the rocks and

shoals to draw you away from the true course as marked upon the chart? If you follow my instructions, there awaits you at the end of your journey joy and happiness such as never entered into the heart of man, even in the wildest bounds of his imagination. No human eye could take in the aspect of the scene that awaits you. Now in the name of Him who sits upon the great white throne, go forth upon the final passage from earth's dark borders to heaven's bright portals; and again I repeat, do not let go the helm until an angel takes it from you."

THE DARK RIVER.

My boat shot out from the heavy shadows of the shore, and I found myself adrift upon the black wild tide hurried along with the speed of lightning. What language shall I use to describe the awful scene around me? Never can I forget it, for I was apparently alone in a small frail boat on a wide, wild, raging river, the darkness so intense

as to be almost felt, and only relieved at intervals by flashes of lightning that illuminated every surrounding object. The moaning that came floating across the angry waters told me of lost souls drifting about in the dreary darkness on that wild restless river, awaiting the coming of the pirate of destruction. Gladly would I have extended help, but my little craft would not hold another, and I dare not stop; in fact it took all the skill I possessed and every moment of time to steer amidst the sunken rocks and shoals, all so plainly marked upon my chart. The first object that I saw was a high rock, whose summit towered far above me, and at whose base boats like my own were wrecked and piled tier upon tier. Suddenly a flash of lightning revealed in burning glaring letters the words, "*Rock of Infidelity*," and as I swept by I heard the faint moans of "Lost, lost, lost for ever!" Around the bend of the river I came upon a shoal from which the water receded, and

I read the letters in fire—"Blasphemy." Shortly after I came upon quicksands thickly studded with wrecks, and I saw by the lighting's flash that it was the "Quicksands of Drunkenness." The next flash revealed a bay in which were smooth waters; a light burned from a point at the entrance, and I saw revealed the sentence, "Bay of Licentiousness and Gates of Hell." Soon I passed the inlet called "Sabbath-breaking," which the lightning revealed led to a large lake, at the far end of which for a moment I saw in fiery characters the words, "Sudden Destruction." On and on I went, ever and anon passing sunken rocks, from which the water swept aside as I passed, revealing their names in burning letters, all corresponding to the various sins that assail the children of men. On my chart I noticed a bar called "Procrastination," and close by a splendid harbour named "Convenient Season." The darkness became thicker and thicker, and the lightning stopped,

and my frail boat was dashing madly along, and I began to doubt the wisdom of my course, for on my chart, beyond the bar of Procrastination, I saw only a large sheet of water, which was marked "The Sea of Faith," which led to the end of the chart. I thought it would be prudent to seek the harbour of "Convenient Season" close by, and wait there for the dawning of morning. This was the first rent in the mantle of faith that covered me since I left the body. Hitherto I had followed with childlike confidence all the instructions of the Angel of Death, but now all was dark. Must I then go on without any more visible symbols of the reliability of my course, which was simply marked on the chart in a straight line, and only the course to steer was given? Once I had allowed a single doubt to creep in, it was followed by a host of others, and I thought how foolish I had been to follow the Angel of Death without asking for his credentials.

He might have been an angel of darkness, and I might now be on the river of destruction. Then came the thought that the Saviour in whom I trusted would never allow a spirit of evil to lead me astray as soon as I left the body, and I felt confident that no being of the lower world could ever counterfeit a face of such angelic beauty as was possessed by the angel of death. Therefore, I resolved to keep on my course, and if I perished it would be at the post of duty. I called aloud upon the Master for aid and light, and hardly had I spoken when my boat passed out from the darkness into the most dazzling light, and smooth water with green fields were on both sides, in which were fruits and flowers sending forth delicious fragrance—it was a very garden of Eden. In the distance I saw a large mountain on all sides of which was an immense city built of precious stones, which glittered in the light like the flashing of diamonds. To attempt to describe the beauty

of this city were useless. I can find no language adequate to express what I saw. I felt that the labour of a thousand years upon earth would be amply repaid by a single glance of this ecstatic vision. I can only refer my readers to the 21st and 22nd chapters of the Revelation of St. John. Soon I saw coming towards me a large number of angelic spirits, and among the number I recognized my mother. I had eagerly looked for her from the moment that my spirit left the body. Twelve years she had been dead, and in her last hours she told me that, if the spirits of the departed could ever revisit the earth, she would be near me to counsel and warn of danger and temptation. Once only had I seen her in a dream when, on one occasion at the point of death, eight years previous, she instructed me to change my plans of life, and I did so; and now I beheld her once more, with the old familiar smile of welcome which

had cheered many an hour of my boyish life. Around her I beheld others of my kindred surrounded by angels. Then I heard the words of "Welcome, welcome, child of promise, to our Father's kingdom ; Welcome, pilgrim of earth, to your eternal rest." A moment more and my hands would be clasped in theirs, and my weary voyage at an end. In the excitement of the moment I forgot the parting instructions of the angel of death, to hold fast the helm until an angel took it from my hand. Suddenly I heard a voice behind me and, on looking back, I saw that an angel had been with me all the way as a convoy, and that I was not alone on the voyage. "Alas !" he said, "how could you forget your final instructions? Listen to what is now said to you." I heard a voice from the angelic company in front of me, which said, "Since you have failed to obey in the last moment, you must return to the body from whence you came, and to all the functions of material life. You

must again take up the labour of the Master's vineyard, and work for His cause. Watch and pray, for you know not the day nor the hour when He will again call you to enter into rest. Go, and the Lord be with you." My boat was taken by an angel who went rapidly up the river again, and past all the rocks and shoals far quicker than when I came down it, and right to the point of embarkation, where I found the angel of death, who said, with a tone of sadness and reproof, "Why did you forget my simple command?" I said nothing, for I had nothing to say. He took me by the hand and led me back to the house where my body lay, and said, "By the command of the Master you must enter your body and take up the burden of life again." Seeing that I was depressed and dejected, he said, with a smile of encouragement, calling me sweetly by my name, "Think it not such a grievous task to work once more in the Lord's vineyard upon earth, for if you are faith-

ful, it will add more jewels to your crown of eternal life, and the great desire of angels as well as saints made perfect is to work for the saving of immortal souls. It will perhaps be only a few short years when again I will call for you, when, with ripened experience, you can enter upon your final reward. Remember that you are but young in years, while millions of others have laboured their threescore years and ten, and have not grown weary. Work, therefore, my child, while it is your privilege." With a smile he bade me adieu and pointed to the body; in an instant I was awake once more to conscious life. As I opened my eyes a coloured preacher, who was very much attached to me, and who was weeping at my bedside, said, "Thank God you are once more alive." I told him I regretted my coming back, as after what I had seen, how could I be contented with the barren joys of earthly life. He replied that there was

too much work for me to do, and he thanked God for sparing me. Others of my friends congratulated me. My physician, who was in the room, was rather sceptical of my recovery, and insisted upon absolute quiet. Under the influence of a powerful opiate I fell asleep, and the next morning, contrary to all expectations, I began to recover. I gradually lost the feeling of the distinction of the soul and the body, a feeling which I cannot describe, and which I have had only once since, about three years ago in London, when six surgeons pronounced me dead, when for a few seconds my heart stopped beating, resulting from a hæmorrhage of five full quarts of blood. I had on that occasion the peculiar sensations of a distinction of the soul from the material body.

It was two weeks after this vision that I one day recalled my dream, which had taken place just one month previous. I had entirely

forgotten it, and therefore there was no collusion between it and the scene that took place. When I compared it with what happened, I found it was an exact fulfilment down to the words I used when making the disposal of my personal effects and the directions I gave for my burial. As I have already stated, I saw the very room with its furniture and internal arrangements. Coming events did, in my case, cast their shadows before, and were duly wrought out. In my dream I followed the disposal of my body. In my vision I followed the spirit on its passage on the river of death, up to the gates of Paradise.

CONCLUSION.

In closing these pages I have only to say, that while this narrative may appear strange and weird, and may savour somewhat of spiritualism, which I especially wish to avoid, yet it may not after all be so very extraordinary

if my reader only knew even a part of my eventful life. No less than eight times I have been pronounced at the very point of death, beyond hope of recovery. Three times I was stated to be dead, once for twenty-four hours when a child. On several occasions I have been saved from certain and instantaneous death by a foreboding of danger so clear and marked as to leave no shadow of doubt. I merely mention these few incidents to show that the dream and its strange fulfilment are not over-drawn.

MORAL.

The vision of the Voyage of Life, which I thus so strangely enjoyed, has left on my mind an ineffaceable impression of the numberless dangers to which human souls are exposed, and a strong desire that others who are heedless and indifferent to the course they are pursuing should share that impression. I send forth this

little book with the constant prayer that it may induce many to study earnestly the chart that is given us in the Word of God, to grasp the helm of their bark more vigorously, and to steer with firm trust in the Captain of their Salvation. Looking patiently for the hour when the signal light shall burn on the shore of eternity, and the heavenly pilot assume command of our storm-tossed craft, and although we may have been shattered and nearly wrecked amidst the conflicts of life, yet every true and faithful child of God is surely promised an abundant entrance into the harbour of eternal rest; and, all will be well, when in that hour of triumph we shall clasp hands with the loved ones who have preceded us, and with them bend before the Jasper throne, exclaiming, "Home at last, Home at last!"

